

Miriam's Rival

Miriam watched the furniture van backed up against the curb on the opposite side of the road and remembered Jim Ridgely's promise.

He had purchased the land across the street from her own home and had built thereon a handsome residence, the planning of which had occupied many a pleasant evening, as the busy golden hand had bent close beside the sleek brown hair, and Jim's hand closed over her own as she pointed out defects in the blue print plans.

It all came back to Miriam as she saw the heavy shrouded furniture being carried into the house. It was evident that some other girl would share the home she had planned with Jim, and she tried to tell herself that she did not care, even while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

In the interval that had elapsed since she had given Jim back his ring and had refused to permit him an explanation wounded pride had prevented her from owing, even to herself, that she still cared, but the furnishing of the house seemed very definite. There was a lorrain wicker, too, superintending the operation of moving in.

It was because of this same woman that they had parted. Miriam had wanted to be the first woman to enter the new house when it should be done, and she looked out one morning to see this bygone-like young person let herself in with a key. That evening when Jim had called, Miriam had sent him away with the curt explanation that she had found that she did not care for him. He had begged that she tell him what the matter was and suggested that there might be some mistake, but Miriam had turned a deaf ear to his pleadings, and after half a dozen of his letters had been returned, Jim had written no more.

Late one afternoon Ridgely looked up from his desk to behold a small feminine cyclone. He sprang to his feet and held out his hands in greeting, but Miriam shrank back.

"Do you suppose that I would shake hands with you?" she asked scornfully. "I am not come here to congratulate you, but to tell you how unutterable is my contempt for you."

"I think that you have gone pretty fully into that exposition in the past few months," said Ridgely. "May I ask what fresh occasion has moved you to reduce your stent contempt to words? Is it about the house?"

"Your conscience prays for me," declared Miriam. "You might have had the decency to sell the house."

"I suppose that would have been the best way," agreed Ridgely, "but as the real estate market is now I could not sell to any great advantage. It would mean an out-and-out sacrifice."

"I suppose that sentiment makes an appeal to you," said Miriam scornfully, "but to bring another woman to live in the house we had planned together for our home? You have had your revenge," she concluded weakly.

"I am not yet rich enough to keep a valuable piece of property closed up for a lifetime through sentiment," reminded Ridgely gently. "I assure you that I feel none too pleasant about it, but I had to put it on the market."

"On the market," sobbed Miriam. "Do you call coming to live there with the woman who made all the trouble 'putting it on the market'? Do you deny that you are going to marry that horrid woman?"

"It's the first I've ever heard of a 'horrid woman,'" declared Ridgely, "and so I can't very well marry her. I didn't know that there was a woman at the bottom of things."

"She's there this very minute superintending things," explained Miriam between sobs. "I stood it just as long as I could; then I came down here to tell you what I thought of your conduct."

"There is no woman," insisted Ridgely.

"Yes, there is," insisted Miriam. "The same one who came and spent a morning in the house before I saw it myself—and you promised that I should be the first woman to cross the threshold."

"So that's the trouble, is it?" asked Ridgely. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"What was the use when you knew?" sobbed the girl.

"But I didn't know," declared Ridgely. "It must have been someone from the decorator's. I'll call up and find out."

There was a brief interval in the telephone booth, and Ridgely emerged smiling.

"That is what it means," he commented. "I didn't know it, but their chief decorator is a woman. She was there the first time to measure for the curtains. I engaged her same firm to settle the house, so she is there."

"And you are not going to be married?" asked Miriam.

"Not unless I can induce you to reconsider your objection," said Ridgely. "Will you, dear?"

"Perhaps," whispered Miriam, "if you promise never to do it again." Ridgely smiled at the feminine logic of the condition, but his face was very tender as he bent close to the golden curls to whisper his promise. Miriam's first rival had been disposed of and Cupid had come again into his own—CELLA CRANE.

WHEN THE TABLES TURNED

Willie Walker was a little 12-year-old chap with red hair and a "crossed" eye.

And Willie Walker's father was just a poor carpenter, whose family lived in a simple cottage with unpretentious surroundings. Therefore, Willie, being a poor boy and not of very pronounced good looks, fell under the ridicule of most of his fellows at school and about the streets. Whoever Willie went to he was sure to hear some boy's voice call out to him: "Hello, Brick-top!" or "Hello, Sandypate!" or "Hello, there, Crooked Lamp!" And, again, some terror would yell out to him as he went along: "Say, does he work long on the bias to you, 'lanky kid'?"

And Willie, being but a child, had not learned to turn a deaf ear to his tormentors. In fact, he was very much hurt by the epithets hurled at him and was quite unhappy by being the object of ridicule.

But in the town where Willie lived were two brothers—Syd and Tom Jackson—who felt the kindest sympathy for the carpenter's little crossed-eyed son and who braved the jeers of the other boys to play with him. To be sure, Willie was not entirely attracted by his fellows, but was so often made the butt of their ridicule and coarse, painful personalities that he felt he had no genuine friends save Syd and Tom Jackson. And when he refused to go on a picnic—where he had been invited by Syd and Tom, knowing that some of the boys would surely spoil his day by making fun at his red hair and crooked eye.

One day Willie was lying on the grass under a tree, watching the clouds floating overhead and wishing that both his eyes were straight like other boys' eyes, when he heard a man's voice call from the gate:

"Is this the home of William Walker, carpenter?"

Willie quickly rose and replied that it was and that his father was William Walker but was at his shop in town busy with some work.

"Well, I can wait till he comes home for dinner," said the man, coming in through the gate. "And while I'm waiting I'd like to speak with your mother."

Willie called to his mother, who came upon the porch. And as soon as her eyes fell on the stranger she retorted out in a happy voice: "Why, it isn't my dear brother Jim?"

And then Uncle Jim took Willie in his arms and readily kissed his trower head declaring that he was a fine boy and worthy of his relationship. But that day, after dinner, Willie heard his parents in earnest conversation with his Uncle Jim and heard his uncle say: "Of course it can be done as slick as a ribbon and no harm done. And I've got the money to pay for it, too."

And it was then that Willie's crossed eyes of which they were speaking, and on the following day they took him to the doctor's office. And, after being there a little while, Willie came away with two straight eyes. But, of course, he could not use his eyes that had been operated on for some days, and had to have it closely bandaged. But when the bandage was at last removed by the doctor, Willie was the happiest boy in town, for now he had two eyes exactly alike and as fine and straight as any other boy's eyes, too. As for his red hair—bah, he didn't care a fig about that. And, to cap the climax, good, jolly Uncle Jim bought the finest pony for Willie you ever saw and a saddle and bridle to go with it, or on it, I should say.

Then you should have seen the way all those ugly, tormenting boys did try to get into Willie's good graces for they coveted a ride on the pony. Besides, the report had been circulated about town that Uncle Jim was a very rich man (which was true) and that he meant to give his nephew all sorts of schooling and travel (which was true, also).

And to do Willie justice—for he was not a bad boy at heart—he did not resent the way the boys had treated him in the past; but he never quite trusted any of them save Syd and Tom. But he treated even his former tormentors with kindness and made them feel quite ashamed of themselves. And to this day they regret having made fun of the kindest and most generous boy in the world, Willie Walker.—Washington Star.

Kipling His Own Critic.

"I was sitting with Kipling in his garden at Rottengden when a stentorian struck up 'The Absent Minded Beggar.' Kipling was silent for a moment, and then he said, 'If it was not suicide I would kill the man who wrote that.' This interesting revelation was made by the Rev. J. C. Harris, pastor of Kingston Congregational Church, in a lecture on Kipling. It was hard to believe, he said, that the man who could write 'The Recessional' could descend to the level of 'Pay Day Pay!' No man was more keenly alive to his own blunders than Kipling.

The French Schoolboy's Hard Day.

French children are often on their way to school a little after 7 o'clock in the morning. If they have concluded their lessons by 9 o'clock in the evening it is only by dint of great application. Young men studying for the higher professions have appointments with their tutors at 8 o'clock in the morning in summer time; otherwise they cannot accomplish the mountain of work that lies before them. In all branches of art the labor of the tyro is immense. At the Conservatoire the strenuous life is carried to a point which provokes the astonishment even of laborious German students.

Shall Windows-Panes.

When the English first occupied India, the rough circular plates of a species of oyster, which plates are about six inches in diameter and are thin and white, were used for window-panes, and had the effect of troubling glass. The panes of Bombay Cathedral were of these shells, and they are still used in some parts of India.

Of Interest to Women

Learning the Esquisite Art of Petering Tom the Newest Society Fad—To Become Precocious, It is Necessary to Do a Deal of Practising Before a Mirror.

The newest society fad, only that it is not a fad at all, is a style of serving tea. Presumably the learner is a mistress of no uncertain age, for the plucked skin and bony fingers of the old maid or the chubby hands of the madam could not be trained down or up to artistic shape or formation. In fact, the hands play a very important part in serving tea. A great deal of practice is required in private before a mirror that never tells tales out of school. The little finger of the pouring hand must never touch the handle of the urn, but remain detached and be made to keep up a constant quiver—just as if the teacup girl were at all nervous, but as an innocent and unconscious exhibition of finger gymnastics. While this finger-play is going on, the other hand, with fingers extended, hovers above and about the cup not wholly unlike the wings of the turtle dove when trying to make up its mind whether or not it will alight upon the nearby cherry tree.

And the tea has not left the urn. The eyes of the teapot girl have a range of observation to cover, and yet not covering, only seemingly so to give time to the observers to observe the several eye-poses. In concert with the raising of the eyes the head has its part to play, which it does by apparently conforming to the movements of the eyes, and meanwhile the teacup girl must have a facial expression that indicates so much joy that it is but natural that she should part her lips just enough to show her pearl-like teeth as through a bank of American Beauties all tangled up in half-laughing smiles. Now the tea and the teapot are ready for service. But we give up the job. We are not proficient enough in word-painting and let an expert an eye-witness and a woman, tell the rest of the story, which runs the way in her own graphic style of telling the truth:

"The teacup girl has the most charming hands. The fingers have very pink nails cut in the new fashion. They are short, but the flesh is pushed back to make a very pronounced moon."

"This moon requires daily attention. For it speedily wanes unless cultivated. It should be a half moon and its color must be a silver, never a full blue. This, I am told, is all a matter of care and of anointing the finger tips at night."

"The teacup girl has hands covered with a velvety skin, which must be clear as cream. The brown hand is not fashionable now. The hand must be that of fascinating white which holds the eye. It is a plump, voluptuous hand, the fashionable hand, with wide deep nails trimmed close at the finger tips."

"Nearly all great beauties take finger exercises. Lantry for years practiced daily the art of separating her fingers two by two until she could move them in any group of two, a difficult task. The Russian ladies curl the middle finger. French women have a trick of closing the third finger while the others curl around it. These are little mannerisms of the hands, but they are telling when one is noting the beauty of the hand."

"One Southern girl in New York has learned somewhere the Madrid art of making rose tea. Never have I seen this made except in Madrid. 'She wears always at her left side, just over her heart, a big pink rose. It is in full bloom with spreading petals just waiting to be pulled. At the critical time in the tea making, which is after the rock candy has been laid in the cup and the tea has been poured, she touches the rose with her finger tips and pulls off a single petal, which she lays upon the top of the steaming cup. The action is very taking and the delighted man in waiting takes his cup and stands and sips it. He is too enthralled to stir more than half a step away. The tea table must be lower than the one who is pouring tea. Most hostesses sit very high and one woman has an ice cream soda stool such as is used in drug stores, because it gives her height and a chance to be naturally graceful. She looks almost as though she were standing; yet she is not getting tired. The stool is hung with cardinal velvet."

"The hat, if a hat is worn, must be tipped toward the light. A very bright glare thrown upon the countenance will make the tea pourer look haggard even though she be a belle. A big dark hat tipped lightward takes years off the complexion. Have your hands charming. Make them so lovely that people will want to squeeze them. Let each finger be a post. This can be done only by constant care in front of a mirror: Tea pourers should remember that the figure is plainly on view when one pours tea and that one should be slim in the waist, slender in the hips, and broad in the shoulders—truly dictatorial—if one is going to make a good appearance."

Rosy Cheeks.

A good brisk walk in the early morning is the best way to bring color to a girl's cheeks. Rosy cheeks are most attractive when the color comes and goes.

Grass Raincoats.

The summers in Mexico are best for the wearing of rubber garments to shed rain, and closely woven coats of grass are a fair substitute. Some of these have a hood attached.

Fainting.

Of the 1,001 young women who fainted last year 987 fell into the arms of men, two fell on the floor and one into a water butt.—Life.

TIN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Some Helpful Suggestions in Regard to Its Observance.

The tenth anniversary is the tin wedding, a receipt in the celebration usually chosen. The invitations may be written on smooth, unglazed paper with tin foil. The decorations for the occasion should be tinware and pink flowers. The date of the wedding and anniversary may be of large tin letters, or set out of cardboard covered with tin foil, and placed conspicuously in no room where guests are received. On the table in the dining-room there may be, as a centerpiece, a tin foil filled with flowers and tied around with broad pink ribbon. The chandeliers with pink candles and candles, little tin dishes containing tin bonbons and cakes with pink icing are on the table. Tin plates, tin spoons, tin forks and tin knives should be used. The guests help themselves and each other, as at any standing-up collection. Facilities, dainty sandwiches of cream cheese and chappert suits, chicken salad, tea and coffee are plenty in service, and tea would do. Souvenirs may be little tin cake-tins filled with wedding cake in tin foil and tied up with pink ribbon. Gifts for a tin wedding may be flowers in tin-pailers or tin breadpan; a bouquet in a tin funnel; two or three long-stemmed roses in an apple-core, or tied to half a dozen tin spoons; a book enclosed in a wire brooch through which ribbons are interlaced; wire baskets lined with silk and filled with bonbons. Intimate and practical friends sometimes send canned fruits, the tins concealed in pink crepe paper; a very near relative may send a tin savings-bank, well filled with savings.

New Women in Turkey.

In the new woman about to capture Turkey. During the recent political agitation the unbridled spectacle was to be seen at Salonica of a woman of rank, the wife of a young Turk, parading unveiled through the streets with a banner, to the delight of her husband's partisans. At Monastir many women, bent on political errands, traveled about alone.

If this is to be the result of a constitutional movement, and in so becoming of the present strict command against women showing their faces in public? One will be the post's dream of the dark-eyed beauties of Circassia leading lives of indolence behind the screens of the mysterious hareem. If the daughters of Nippon, are to adopt the fashion of Paris, go in for political economy, suffrage, socialism and small handbags, like British fashionables, and start women's clubs, playfests, pageants and summer college courses, will their American sisters, a whole world of tradition and romance will soon disappear.

New It Is the Soulful Girl.

There are fashions in manners as well as in clothes and those delicate beings who catch the vibrations of conduct from the higher ether as sensitively as the wireless telegraph apparently read his message here indicated that the era of the vigorous, rollicking girl has passed. The title of this winter must be a soulful, pouring girl, who can sit for an entire evening with her hands lightly clasped in her lap, and who never only her lips in speaking, not using her eyebrows, shoulders and hands.

Several girls are working hard to acquire repose, paralytic as that sounds. With a pose of manner has come study how to make the eyes expressive. A girl who has millions, but not great good looks, and who will bow in New York, brought an instructor from London, just to teach her to use her eyes and how to acquire the latest gait, an undulating kind of glide.

New Wedding Favors.

The bride now presents the guests at the breakfast table with novelties in the shape of small satin slipper. They sell by the dozen at small prices.

An Inopportune Interruption.

Prof. Brandon Matthews, the brilliant writer and teacher, was discussing literary quaintness at Columbia. In illustration of the quaint, he said: "A little girl I know was very bad one day. She was so bad that her mother called her a 'water sheep.' Her mother took her to her room and whipped her."

"During this proceeding, the little girl's older brother opened the door and was about to enter. But in her prone position, across her mother's knee, the little girl twisted round her head and said solemnly: 'Eddie, go out! Can't you see we're busy?'"

Liquid Sheep.

A business communication in Arabic recently reached a Manchester firm, and when translated by a Syrian interpreter proved to contain a request for the price of coppering "two water sheep" of certain given dimensions. The translator was confident of his version, but admitted that he did not know what "water sheep" could be. For the moment over the heads of the firm were passed, until it struck some one that this was the nearest synonym in the vocabulary of a pastoral people for "hydraulic ram."—Manchester Guardian.

Life.

Report by a young English school-girl of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood, and Age." "In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will do when we grow up—this is the state of innocence. In manhood we do the wicked things of which we thought in our youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our dotage."

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT

Special Correspondent of The Paper Writes Entertainingly to Women

LATEST FROM THE METROPOLIS BY JULES THIBOU.

The "easy to make" waist retains their popularity and with dainty accessories can be made quite dressy in appearance. The accompanying sketch shows how a pretty effect was gained by the use of lace motifs and black velvet ribbon. The waist itself was made of cream velveteen and with a slight black shade stripe with black. The upper half of the collar and lower half of the cuffs are covered with full silk rose silk. Over the edge of the silk on the collar and cuffs are applied lace motifs and narrow black velvet ribbon. A wider velvet is used for the tie and the ends are finished with gilt tassels. The ribbon ties are very popular and almost any small ornaments are appropriate to use at the ends. A crocheted girdle of black satin made over a canvas foundation and



Emblazoned with a rose motif completes a very charming frock. A similar effect on an evening waist with a round or square low neck would be very pretty. For such a waist the material would be plain white net cut with a round Dutch neck edged with light silk, and the motifs and narrow velvet applied all around the edge. The wider velvet then could be sewed below the trimming and tied in a bow in front or slightly at the side. A light blue sash would be pretty with this.

One of the most graceful and convenient garments to wear with a fluffy dress is the oval cape. Some are fastened together at the sides and the loop thus formed is faced back with embroidery to simulate a wide sash and cuff. Others are left to fall in graceful folds like the one in the illustration. In both kinds the cape itself is a long oval washed lengthwise to the center where the neck is cut out. One side laps over the other a



little and buttons diagonally in front. The long, black silk scarf around the outside of the collar is finished with silk tassels and is held at the top by the turned back points of the collar and fancy buttons. The collar itself is like the cape and is lined with white silk and edged with an inch wide black ribbon. Most of these capes are made of the closely woven cloth that does not ravel. The edges are left as cut with an ornamental stitching a few inches from the edge as the only finish.

Had Reached Her Limit.

"Nanama," exclaimed four-year-old Dorothy one day, "I'm so full of happiness that I couldn't be happier unless I was bigger."

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48, Local except Sun & Hol 7:35
20, Local Except Sunday 10:30
4, Daily Express 1:34 P. M.
704, Sunday Only 3:30
24, Way daily except Sunday 3:30
2, Daily Express 4:50
28, Way daily except Sunday 6:35
708, Local Sunday Only 7:15

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No. 7, Daily Express 12:50 A. M.
45, Daily Express 3:35
17, Daily Milk Train 8:10 A. M.
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